

*collated
Perfect.
1797*

The Late Revolution :
OR, THE
HAPPY CHANGE.

A
Tragi-Comedy,

As it was Acted throughout the
ENGLISH DOMINIONS
In the Year 1688.

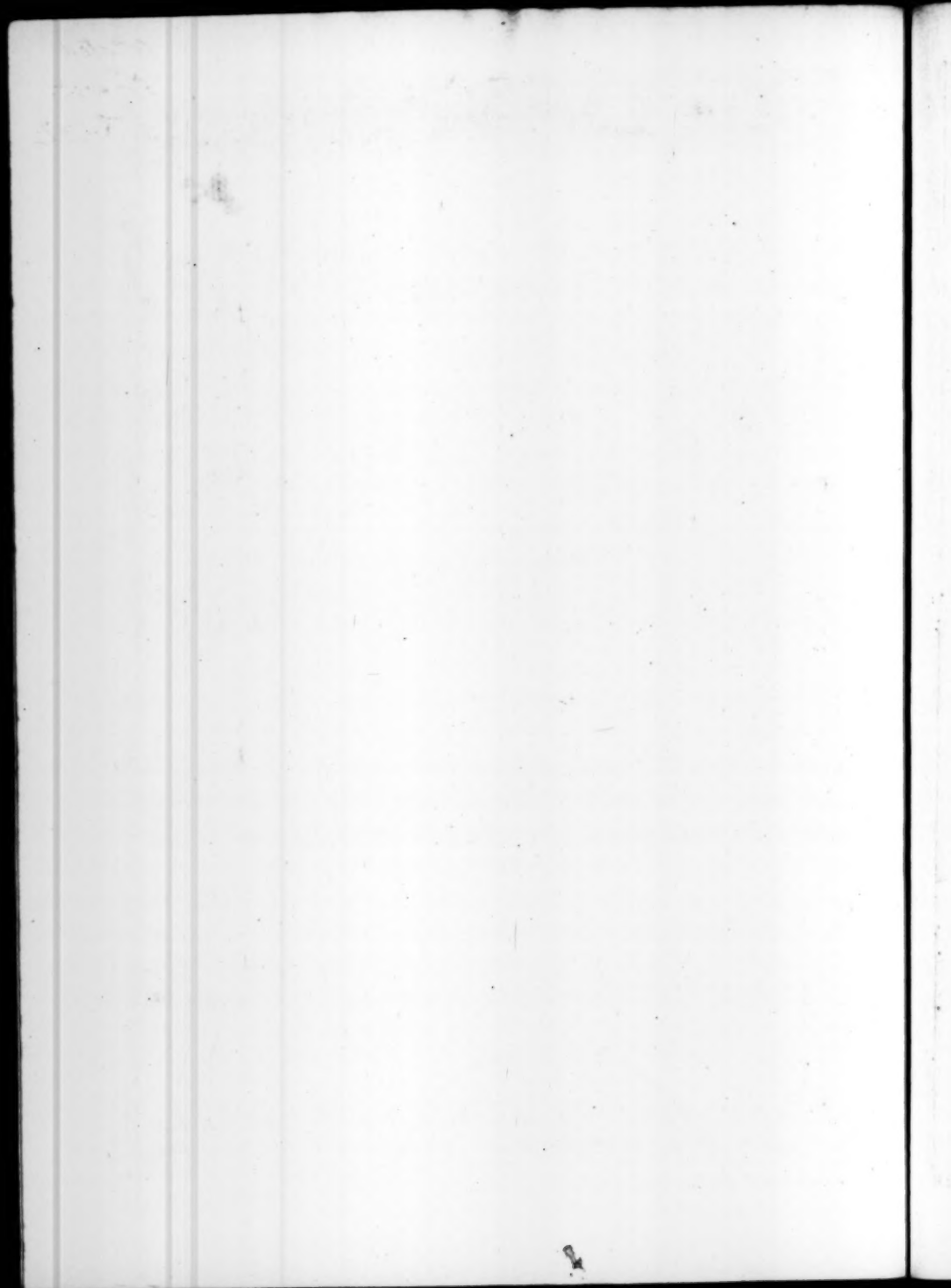
First Edition.

Written by a Person of Quality.

Tempora mutantur —

L O N D O N,

Printed, and are to be Sold by **Richard Baldwin** in the
Old-Baily. 1690.



THE
EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

To all true English-men.

I Know not whom more properly to Dedicate this Piece to, than those who have so large a share in the Actions therein represented; who like the Jews under Ahasuerus were all sold to be destroy'd, to be slain, and to perish, had not this suddain and HAPPY REVOLUTION seasonably reliev'd 'em. What evils the glorious Instrument of Heaven found us all groaning and gasping under, cannot, I am confident, be forgotten by any, but those who were the Actors and Promoters of them, and wou'd, if possible, be again employ'd in business of the same Nature. 'Tis a question whether we are most obliged to, resentment against the Spring-head of all both those Mischiefs, and what we at present feel; or Gratitude toward those who under God rescu'd and preserv'd us. Loss of our Shipping, deadness of Trade, heaviness of Taxes, are no doubt things grievous to be born, and may justly make us very uneasie and very angry; but then let not this Anger be misplaced, let it be aim'd at a right Object, and not vented on Friends but Enemies: Who is the Cause of the Loss of our Shipping, but those who suffer'd the French Tyrant to grow so strong at Sea, on purpose to ruine the Protestant Interest, and assist in the enslaving of England, for there cou'd be no other end therein. What's the Reason Trade is so low, but our Merchants being intercepted by the French Pirates, invited into our Seas by every body knows who, on purpose to destroy us, whence we may see how much kindness he has for us, or we ought to have for him. Do the Taxes gaul and load us! who puts 'em on? who is't that has now separated Ireland from England, so many hundred Years before a dependant thereof, and by the assistance of French Forces and Aids now maintains it in actual Rebellion against this Crown, thereby making Taxes necessary for its Reduction. Nor need I warn any Man that is not Knave or Fool, against the secret mutterings and whispers of some wicked Persons who believe and hope that Plague (and FIRE too) of our Nation shou'd come back again, and make one Change more, tho' that wou'd not be a very happy one. Kings never lose their Thrones unless they have first lost their Peoples Hearts; seldom unless they've also lost their own: The late King has neither left, ours both: He sits fast, has Right and Law on his side, a good Sword and a good Army; and they such a General as is not us'd to run away, not from Enemies, much less from a Kingdom: He has besides good Troops of brave Auxiliaries, such as the Irish tremble at their very Names, I mean the Danes, of whom those superstitious Wretches have a known Prophecy that they shall one day be conquer'd by them, as they themselves have a Tradition to the same effect. We have therefore no more to do, Dear Country-men. but to keep good Hearts, tho' things perhaps may go

The Epistle Dedicatory.

a little hard at present, wait a little longer, trust in Heaven, Pray for our gracious King, who is now going to VENTURE HIS LIFE FOR US, and we need not fear, all will be well again, and we shall see better days than ever we did.

'Tis now time I shou'd give you some short Account of this Present I make you, and then trouble you no longer. Some perhaps well-meaning honest men are so wearied and tired with Charge and loss of Trade, and the unwearied impudent endeavours of our Enemies, that they cou'd almost be tempt'd to wish things still continu'd as they were, and desired to be in Egypt again: These too-hasty Men (tho'tis confess'd, not quite in so much haste as some who sent for the Prince to London, and repented on't before he came thither) may be set right again, by considering anew the several steps of the late Revolution, so wished, wanted, happy, unanimous and wonderful; and the liveliest way of representing the same is that here chosen, wherein Care is us'd neither to expose the great of one side, nor the good on the other, by bringing 'em actually on the Stage, unless on one side where 'twas necessary, tho there too they're only mere Persons; — Though here the Reader would vastly mistake me, shou'd he think any kindness or weakness towards the chief Authors of all our past and present misfortunes, has made me forbear actually to introduce 'em, — I look on any such thing to be a criminal piece of good Nature, or rather Folly; but the true Reason of it, was the same that hinders some Names from being Printed in the Sessions-Papers, — because tho they are themselves as grand ones as ever were — TRANSPORTED, yet they may have honest Friends, for whose sakes, not their own; they have this Indulgence us'd, those only being produced whose Memories are equally detested and curs'd by all good men. After all, as I am not very proud of what I've here perform'd, so I hope I've no reason to be much asham'd on't; — such as 'tis, 'tis heartily offer'd to your Diversion and Service, by

(Dear Countrey-men !)

One that loves you more than himself.

Dramatis Personæ.

Father Peters.

Popes Nuntio.

2 Popish Lords.

Philanax. } Two Noble Lords, true

Misopapas. } Protestants and good

English-men.

Three Citizens.

Captain of the Prince's Guards.

An old Cavaleer.

An old Parliament Captain.

Teague & } Two Irish Soldiers.

Macdonald.

An English Soldier.

Messengers, Scouts, Officers, Priests,

Quiristers, &c.

The WOMEN.

Popish Ladys.

Cebiers, the Popish Midwife.

Several Popish Whores.

THE
Late Revolution
OR THE
Happy Change.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Scene opens. *Discovers a Popish Chappel adorn'd with Altar, Crucifix, Images, &c. Among which that of the Virgin Mary, and before it on their Knees, The Nuntio, Father Peters, Labourn, a Popish Lord and Lady, the other Three Apostolical Vicars, Obadiah Walker, and other Priests, with several Choristers, who sing this Hymn, (containing some of their most noted Blasphemies) to the Image of the Virgin.*

D Escend, descend *Almighty Maid*
And bring thy Humble Suppliants Aid.
Let all the kind Saints to help us run,
And with 'em all *Command thy Son!*
O bathe us in the precious Flood
Of thy dear Milk, and his dear Blood.

B

All

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All Power, all Blessings shine in thee
Bright Supplement o'th' Trinity !
We thy Maternity adore,
More than all the rest before,
By all thy Love, with all thy Powers
Confound the Churches Foes and ours !

*They rise, and advancing forward on the Stage, Father
Peters begins.*

Peters] Now the great wheel of Fate begins to run
And more than half our Holy Work is don !
Such Crouds of Slaves adore the **Rising Sun**.
How would he scorch the Heretick World to dust
Had lazy Destiny been sooner just ?
But ah ! th' *Autumnal Equinox* is past
Too late his day begins, and runs too fast,
The less our Time, the greater be our speed,
That Faith may rise, and *Heresie* may bleed.
Xuntio] The work is great, make the Foundation sure
That long the noble Fabrick may endure :
Discretion of great actions is the Soul,
If we too rashly move, we spoil the whole :
A jealous Nation, naturally free
And fond of Hereticks and Liberty,
We must deceive, and if we'd ought enjoy
Must them divide before we can destroy :
Well are the measures taken, well begun
We win our Goal, unless too fast we run.

Peters] True, cou'd our *Æsops* Age but be renew'd,
And his chill veins yet beat with youthful blood,
But since his Life's allow'd so short a Date,
We must push on, and jog the Arm of Fate :
Far more than *suggish Nature* e're cou'd do,
Already we've design'd and acted too.
A **Royal Prince** has grac'd the Royal Womb,
The Dread and Scourge of Hereticks to come ;

Tho'

Tho' they our Churches miracles deny,
In this their Tongue must give their Hearts the Lye:
The Law is ours, at will we give and take,
Law made by Judges which our selves we make,
The People's ours: their piled Addresses crowd
And speak their grateful Loyal thanks aloud,
With one another they in this contest
And wish for ~~prying Windows in their Breat~~,
Who but the Stubborn Prelates dare oppose,
What for the Nation best their Sovereign knows;
We clip the wings of their pretended power,
And shut those sharp-fang'd Lions in the Tower.
And tho' disloyal Juries let them go,
A little time shall to their sorrow show,
Our *Royal Will and Pleasure* was not so.
What need we longer our intent disown
But one brisk push the Day is all our own.

Nuntio] Gladly I'd *Purgatory Flames* endure,
For Seven long years were this but once secure;
But our too Sanguine Hopes our selves deceive
And what *we wish, too quickly we believe*.
I doubt this surly Nations gloomy lowr
Portends us some *approaching* fatal showr
(Nor Omens want— yon *Crucifix* fell down
And from the Virgins Temples struck the Crown)
The muttering Croud to different parties fly
And look with scorn and rage as we go by.
My boding Soul portends some mischief near,
And I begin to wish I'd ne're bin here.

Lord] The self-same Observation I have made
Nor of our Cause was e're before afraid.
Nay more, I learnt it from a faithful spy
Who for our Church did oft in Ambush lie,
'Tis whisper'd mighty *Preparation's* made,
And *Orange* will with speed the Land invade;
Then to what Nook or Corner shall we fly
Or at what Saints blest Image kneel and dye?

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*Pet.] Vain Dreams of Ills to come, we know not where:
And dreadful Figures fancy'd in the Air!
Have we not Force enough the Beasts to chain
And are so many Thousands paid in vain,
Foster'd in Blood and Murder, Rage and Lust
To tread the Nation's bleeding Souls to dust?
But I'll howe're to Council, and inform
Of this your dreadful Fear created Storm.*

*Popish Ladies] Whilst we again to our Devotions run
And beg the Blessed Maid command her Son.*

SCENE II.

Enter 3 Citizens.

1 Cit. Morrow Neighbour! How goes Trade to day, that you are walking so far from home?

2. How goes it? Not at all, for 'thas bin quite gon with me this many a fair Morning. The Spiders without any disturbance, fall to work across my Counter, and I as soon see a Customer as an Elephant.

3. Why you used to have a pretty sprinkling what have the Courtiers quite forsaken you—, how long have you bin thus out of their Books?

2. Wou'd they were as well out of mine once, I'm here upon the Dun with 'em this Morning, But I see ye don't know 'em they have left off their expensive sins, and all o'th' sudden grown wondrous Godly in the Devils name, and are resolved to damn cheaper than formerly. They leave Whoring, for the same Reason that an antiquated Bawd does, because that has left them, and so are forc'd to take up with a little cheating to keep themselves from Idleness. 'Tis worth the while to see how gravely and devout every thing looks about Whitehall and St. James's. There's not so much as a little Whore that plyes in those quarters, but's as full of Religion as the Priest can make her.

Madam

[*Madam Celia*, a Popish Lady passes over the Stage.]

1. There should be some of the Crew, by your Description.

2. Admirably well-guest. The first is the *famous Placket-mender*, who from making her self *with Child* when she pleased, found out the knack of doing as much by greater Persons. She's *The Queens Most Excellent Groper*, and will tell you to an Egg, how many Princes are yet behind, having already told all the Bunch over, and found out that she's *full of Children*. Poor Wretch, She's a little past Service her self, though she has been a most unwearied Beast of Burden. But now, alas! *The She-Dragon grows old*, and all her delight is in leading others where she has often bin, and whither she's now a going.

3. Who's that walking under her Wing?

2. A Person of *more Quality* than shall be named, one of her most *dear Disciples*. A very Lyonsess she is for the Cause, for which she'll negotiate, go, run, lie, or any thing, till you may almost track her cross the Court by the Sweat that drops from her *Holy Hannekes*. A most pains-taking Creature 'tis, as ever labour'd in the *Conversion of Three Kingdoms*.

1. But have they no Men among 'em?

2. Yes poor Souls, or else, What should they do for Confessors? There's the Old thin-jaw'd Belweather himself, *Father Peters*; he has the very Muzzle and Grin of a Quaking Holder-forth: And wou'd be a rare Tryal of skill for him, and *Will. P—*, to be upon a Stage together, and see which could best whine and make Faces.

3. None else? Is one *Ram* enough for that whole Scabby Flock.

2. O He has a great many Journeymen of all Sizes and Religions, and has cut out work enough for 'em all. *But heark in your Ear?* I hear there's one *coming* will go near to spoil their Trade.

3. So 'tis *mutter'd*. Let's meet to day at Change, and talk further of that business. This place is too open.

2. Agreed. But in the mean time, What think you now we are here, of stepping into the *Dafs house* to see a little of their Tricks. Well, They may talk of *Martin*, or whom they please, but o' my Conscience, a *Romish Priest* is the only *Sherry An-*

new

drew in Christendom, and can do more Miracles with his single *Hocus-pocus*, than the best Artist in the Fair, with all the Powder of *Piniperlemp* that was ever brought out of Germany.

1. I should like the motion very well. But methinks 'twould be pleasanter to see 'em at Confession.

2. We are very near the place appointed for that End and Purpose. And see if *Father Peters* beent here with a Bevy of Whores after him; no doubt upon that business. Let's step behind this corner, and observe 'em.

Enter Father Peters, and Four Whores coming to Confession, all pissing and lugging him.

1st. Whore] *Father, Father!* Pray scower my Kettle first!

2d. Mine, Mine *Father!* For I'm a very fowl Sinner to your own Knowledge.

3d. [With Child.] O, I can never bear all this Burthen: I will sink me down to *Bridewell* at least, if not to *Purgatory*, unless your Reverence release me very speedily.

4th. Apply your Cordials to me *Father*, for I'm most in need. Your poor Child is ready to despair: For I have bin plying these three Nights all the *Park round*, from thence to *Temple-Bar*, *Fleet-street*, and back again. I have invoked all the good People above and below for success; especially that Holy Whore, the *Egyptian Magdelena*; but no kind Saint will send one kind Man to relieve me. I'm sure 'tis for my want of Devotion, all this ill luck happens; for I han't bin at *Confession* before this Fortnight.

Fat. Pet. Poor Chick, Poor Lamb. Thy Fortune is worst of all. How I melt and yern for thee? Come you in first, I must examine your Case a little more closely, and as soon as I have dispatcht you, come all the rest of my dear Daughters as fast as you will one after another.

All.] O dear *Father*, Wee'll all say a Thousand *Pater-nosters* a day for the Soul o' your Great Grand-mother, and all your Generation.

Exeunt Whores, and Father Peters.

1. Citizen.]

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1. *Citizen.*] A very Edifying Discourse this, *Very fine Daughters*, and a wondrous *Holy Father*! But more of this, when we meet. You'll not fail at Change!

Both.] Wee'll both certainly be there.

1.] Till then, Farewel.

Enter Philanglus, and Misopappas, two Protestant Lords.

Phil. *Unhappy England*, Whither art thou falln,
The Scorn and Redicule of all the World,
A Prey to needy *Courtiers*, *Monks*, and *Devils*.
Those Liberties so many Ages since
Remitted to thee by thy Wife Fore-fathers
Who bought 'em with so many Thousand Lives,
So vast Expence of Treasure and of Blood.
Nor thought, tho' thrifty they, *their bargain bad*,
All these given up by *Faols*, betray'd by *Knaves*,
Prodigals, who neere knew the Sum they cost,
Or *Blockheads* who had ne're the sence to value it.
While time there was, and room to make a stand,
Doted we stood, and let the Tide run on
Till now I fear 'tis irrestable,
While those who bravely stemm'd the *Headstrong wave*,
And try'd to damn it with their Manly Breasts
We suffer'd sink, nor lent a hand to save 'em,
Degenerate, slavish, stupid, brutal England!
What Plagues are left behind to scourge thee more
For those thou hast so tamely born before?

Misopap. *Enough, Enough*, For Hell and Rome broke loose,
And send a Deluge of their Locusts hither.
See the loathed stream rise from the black *Abys*,
Glowing with Sulpherous Flame, and mixt with Blood:
While Death and Sin brood ore the *Sooty Wave*,
A Thousand ugly Fiends sit grinning by
Error and Superstition, Fraud and Lust,
Murder and Rapine, and foul Avarice,
Darkness and Ignorance, and Discord fell,

And

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And all the black Artillery of Hell,

Phil. But yet one spark of Light from Heaven appears,

A Smiling gleam from yonder distant Coast

As if 'twould fright this guilty Chaos hence,

And drive it down unto the Mother-deep.

There is a chosen *Michael* yet reserved,

And markt above to chase these Fiends away.

Orange, Great Orange, He alone can do't,

Shake the False King of *France*, and proud *French King*,

And make 'm both disgorge their *Ill-got Morfels*.

Or he, or Heaven must form a Man on purpose,

(If he for this great purpose was not form'd.)

And if I'm not deceiv'd in my Intelligence,

Hee'l very suddenly be here. *(Mis.)* Heaven grant it.

Guide him, O all ye gentle Stars, secure

His Soul is full as bright, his Mind as pure.

2. Wast him you courteous Waves on your smooth Silver Breast?

1. Let no rude Gust, or storm his Course molest!

Exeunt Ambo.

SCENE. III.

The Royal Exchange.

At the Gate, under the Piazza, are discovered, The Rat-Catcher, Cure-for-Corns-Man, Tooth-picker-Seller, one with a Dog, Weather-Glass, &c.

Enter the Three Citizens.

1. *Citizen.* All well met. This is very lucky indeed. I see you'r Men of your Word.

2. Pretty near the Time I think. The Change fills apace. *Is there any news upon't yet.*

3. Nothing certain, though strongly reported we shall have some Strangers will make us a visit shortly from tother side the Herring-Pond.

1. *How*

1. *How stands the Wind affected.*
2. Full in their Teeth yet, as exactly, as if Father Peters had the Devil in his Cap, as 'tis reported the *King of Norway* formerly had, and made him *sart what wind he pleas'd.*
3. Well, A few Days will give us more Light, but this is certain, That great Preparations are making in *Holland*, which wou'd never be at this time of year, unless some important design were on foot among 'em.
1. Ha ! Do my Eyes dazle——Or does the Scepter there in *Queen Marys* Hand Shake and Totter.
2. 'Tis really so,—Look——, 'Tis just tumbling—— There it goes, never in better time, and is dash'd all to pieces.

(A great shout all the
Change over.)

[*The Scepter falls out of Queen Marys hand; and dashes to pieces; (as it really did about the time of the Princes coming hither.)*]

3. *Why then Popery is fall'n, (if a Man would mind Omens.)*
1. I confess I amn't so Superstitious that way as I find most of the World—— But where a great many of these odd accidents really fall out one upon the neck of another, *and are not made after the thing they are to signifie*, as no doubt most of them are, 'tis enough to puzzle a wise Man, and at least make him suspend his Judgment before he rashly pronounce there's nothing in 'em.
2. I have reason to remember one of 'em, for the very day this King was Crown'd, I had *his Head put up for a Sign-Post*, which within a few Minutes after in spight of all we could do to save, tumbled down, and broke in pieces, tho' seeing it about to fall, we immediately put up a Ladder to prevent it.
3. I have heard several other such Stories, and what you now relate, and we have all just seen, makes me apt to believe 'em.
1. The Truth on't is, *like Dying-Men*, we catch at every thing about us, now we talk of *Death*, how stands our *Charter*.
2. Condemned to Death, if not already stark dead and rotten. But that's not a Subject fit for so publick a Conversation. *We once had Liberties, and were Englishmen.*

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1. And are, or shall be again very speedily, for (*in your Ear*) I hear they're in a terrible Consternation at *White-Hall* and *St. James's*.

3. No matter. There's no fear of such Courtiers as are now there, being ever frightened out of their Wits.

2. Lets meet there once more by consent, and see what Face things bear among 'em.

Both] Agreed at Five this Evening.

SCENE IV.

Changes to White-Hall and the Banqueting-House.

Two Irish Soldiers, Centinels, squinting up very Melancholy at the New Weathercock on the top of White-Hall, to see which way the Wind was.

Enter at a distance, and observe 'em, the Citizens, and Two Protestant Lords.

Mac-donald.] Brother *Teague*, Which way's the Wind to day?

Teague.] O by my Shoul, 'Tis a Protestant Wind!

Mac-don.] Ill News *Teague*, very ill News, by my Salvation, but that will bring the Damn'd Crab-Orange over to squirt out our Eyes.

Teague.] In good Faith what will he do with us la if he catch us?

Mac-don.] He will maak one great haung upon all our sweet faulthes by my Shoul Joy!

Teague.] By *St. Patrick*, so he shall not. I will mauk haung upon my nown Mothers Son first, to save my Life from those Heretick Dogs, when I have been at Chappel and said my Prayersth to our Lady for their Damnashion.

[*Exeunt*, being reliev'd.

Phil.

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Phil. Better the first than last. What reptile Vermin
What worse than *Egypt's* Torments, Frogs and Locusts
Still croke, ill bodeing, round the *Court and Throne*,
With inarticulate, hoarse hollow Murmurs.
Wert just for Reason, or short sighted sence
To question the designs of Providence
I'd ask what cou'd lost *England* do so base
To merit punishment from such a Brutal Race ?

Misopap. 'Tis for their own, not ours they hither came
Justice Divine unjustly let's not blame!
A little patience all Heav'n's Wisdom shows
And will the **beautious Scene** entire disclose
When once 'tis open'd from the light, they'l run
As Birds obscene fly from the **Rising Sun** :
The Nations rage to hunt 'em thence employ'd,
Like Toads and Serpents *made to be destroy'd.*

Phil. But were it in the Traytors gore embre'wd
An *English* Sword wou'd *blush*, if stain'd with *Irish* Blood.
If they their Ancient Masters dare withstand
The Slaves deserv'd not Death from such a Hand :
From Ages past to Servitude innr'd,
Born with a Clog, and in the Womb secur'd,
Like other Captive Beasts, they shake their Chain,
And bite the Links, and gnash their Teeth, and rave in vain.

Misopap. Yes, I could almost all but this forgive :
Have Gratitude, have Faith and Oaths bin broken,
So many solemn Obligations snap,
And all that Men call Sacred, violated
And trampled under foot. *Why this is their Religion* :
This they are bound in Conscience to perform,
(Unless the **Infallible** himself deceive 'em.)
They must be Wicked, or can ne're be good,
They must be damn'd on pain of *sure* damnation.
—But this— to set a Villain o're his Master,
To make a Slave thus Lord it o're his Lord ;
But meerly for the **Lechery** of Mischief
By one who spite of Honour, Law, and Reason,

Like the French Tyrant, must and will be obey'd.
 'Tis this which shocks my Soul, and chaces thence
 All the soft Dreams of weak and foolish Pitty,
 Mistaken Loyalty, and wild Obedience.
 And here, by all the Oaths the Tyrant swore,
 By all those Sacred Oaths he broke, and more;
 By Vertue, Honour, Conscience and Religion,
 My Countreys Love, my Fathers Soul, and this good Sword
 I swear I never can, ne'r will forgive it:
 Till all these Vermin from our Fields are swept,
 Broken and lost, and **crumbled into Atoms**;
 Scatter'd i'th Air, or drown'd in deep Oblivion.

Phil. Nor I——

1. *Citiz.* Nor we my Lords! Might we presume
 To offer Aid in such a *Noble Cause*.

2. Not all the Methods yet of Tyranny
 Contriv'd t' enslave, to soften and to ruine us,
 Have yet so far emasculated all
 That breath within our once renowned City,
 To make us quite forget *we're Englishmen*.

3. Or that we've Souls, and Swords, and can use both.

Phil. Spoke like **true Citizens**, and better days,
 And a more grateful Prince may soon reward you.
 In the mean time be vigilant and careful;
 Hell scarce has more *Intelligence* and Spies
 Than this suspicious Court in every Corner.
 Get your **Arms** ready if their shou'd be need,
 Nor have you yet, 'tis hoped, forgot to use 'em.
 Nor let the Villains find you unprovided,
 If not true Courage, but despair shou'd warm 'em,
 Or their Directors spur 'em on to mischief.

—Or what if some **Deliberer** shou'd appear,
Some Moses to conduct us into bliss,
 And lead us yet to pleasant lightful Regions:
 Wou'd you be unprepar'd—**I know you wou'd not.**

1. *Cit.* *As much as care to shun a hovering storm,*
And just Revenge can prompt us, we'll perform. [Exeunt omnes.]

A C T.

ACT. II.

SCENE I.

Enter Father Petres, Nuntio, Popish Lords.

F. Petre. Yes--'tis too true— and *Courier after Courier*
 To Court come *panting* with the curst News.
Orange the hopes and prop of all the *Hereticks*,
 Their *Moses*, *Joshua*, nay their wisht *Messiah*,
 The Plague, the Scourge, the *Hanibal* of Rome.
 (O may his End be like, fatal as his,
 Tho' in my *Blood or Gods* I mixt the poyson).
Orange in spite of all our hopes and pray'rs
 Our thick addresses to the *Mother of God*,
The Queen of Purgatory, Hell and Heaven,
 From *Holland* loses with a numerous *Fleet*,
 And hitherward directly bends his Course.
Holland—, that fruitful Bed of Heresie and mischief
 That many-headed-*Hydra* still surviving
 Tho' our *French Hercules* so oft attempted
 With aid from hence to crush that dangerous Serpent.
 VVide scatt'ring round from its infernal Jaws.
 The infectious streams of Treason and Rebellion,
 VVhich like the Dragons Teeth too soon take root,
 Too soon are ripe in this accursed Island.
 'Tis poyson'd all—, 'tis gon—, lost, lost for ever.
 I see the Hereticks Hearts brimful of Treason
 VVhich boyling upswells their malicious Eyes,
 Invenoms all the fatal Basilisks,
 VVhence Death and Blood they dart on all our holy *Order*.
 —O that a Smile were Death—, Racks, Torments, Gibbets,
 Plagues, Fevers, Famines, Stabs, *Hell*. piled on *Hells*;
 And one Abyss of Flame cram'd into another

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Till *Infinities* it self want room to hold 'em
That these might fall on them, or they fall in 'em:

Dada. Yes *Father*! could these hearty Curses reach 'em,
I'd say Amen to all, and I'd yet find more
Italian Curses, certain, keen, and home,
As Sovereign and effectual as our Poysons.
I'd with the Rage of wild defeated Lust,
Baffled Desires, or Impotent Revenge;
VVorse Tortures even than we our selves should feel,
If after all we lost our *dear lov'd* England,
I'd wish 'em all, as my brave Countryman,
Triumphant Villain! had his Enemy,
Panting and Groveling underneath my Feet,
With my keen Dagger bent against their Breasts;
And when I'd made 'em first deny their God
In hope of Life, plunge deep my bloody Blade,
Stab Soul and Body at once, and send 'em hot to Hell.

—But Ah— what Fruit of weak *humanly wishes*?
They move, and act, while we sit cursing here
To Council Father, not perhaps too late.

[*Pop. Lord*] Then, then was room for Council, e're the Nation
Were throughly stirr'd and heated with their wrongs.
Before those **fiery Drivers** at the Reins
Forc'd them and us on such a precipice.
I always knew too well my Countrymen
To think, tho' they bore much, they wou'd bear away.
And was for *milder methods*, —who but Jesuits
Wou'd publickly have torn the peoples Idol,
The Hereticks Bible, and the fragments scatter'd
(Nor now deny the Scriptures to the Laity)
On the mad Crowd, when all our care and pains
Was to make them believe that we believe it.

Dada. True, tho' our Thoughts thereof are much the same,
And that **wise Cardinal** was our Churches mouth
Who call'd it *Fable* all—, or what's as bad
A dead, dull, senseless, yielding *Nose of Wax*
Of any Shape or Form susceptible:

Yet

Yet 'twas ill Policy to let them know it
When we were all perswading them the contrary.
The Fathers Zeal, 'tis true, may be commended
But not his Prudence—, This howe're is pass't,
Our Fortunes press, we meet not here to talk
Of what has bin, but what must now be done,
Which ask united, firm, and steddý Councils,
Yet to retrieve the not quite desperate Game.

Peters. **Bill all**—, the quickest method to convert 'em.
Ravish the Wives—, dash out the poy'nous brains
Of each young *Heretick Viper* at the Breast;
Rip up the Matrons, and each reverend sinner,
Burn all the cursed Wasps in their stoln Hives;
Make Candles of the fat of each gross Alderman.
How sweetly, O, how welcom wou'd they burn
Instead of common Consecrated Tapers,
Before the sacred Shrine of great *Ignatius*,
Whose soul encompass'd round with other Worthies,
Garnet and Campion, Coleman and Ravillac.
Wou'd look with pleasure from their blest abode,
And eagerly snuff up such grateful Incense.

*On the glad sight they'd feast their greedy Eyes
And revel on so sweet a Sacrifice.*

Dada. Sure wer't but safe—, a fine Hypothesis
But all the Fault is —'tis not practicable.
Where are the *Hands*—, for all our *Hearts* are willing.
'Tis true we've some few Troops of trusty *Irish*,
Good lucky Catholick **Cut-throats from their Cradles**,
That from their Barefoot-Mothers pendant Dugs
Suck't seeds of Massacres, and hate oth' *English*.
But miracles are ceas'd—, what e're we talk of.
To Hereticks, nor can one chace a Thousand,
'Tis true the sacred *Lat'ran* Council binds us
To extirpate Heretical Kings and Princes,
And waste their cursed Land with Sword and Flame
But wisely adds—, 'tis only when we're strongest
Nor whatsoever we are bid Believe

Are

The late Revolution.

Are we oblig'd to *do Impossibilities*.

—Besides, all in good time—, this may be done,
And must, but things are yet not ripe for such bold actions
We're now in danger all, and *may* be ruin'd
But then, if we succeed not, *must* be so.
Howe're, that's the last remedy.

Let's rather therefore milder Councils use ;
The Foxes Tail must piece the Lions skin.
Send for all parties, every Sect and Cantlet
Which we so fruitfully have rais'd amongst 'em
To weaken, and in time to ruine 'em.
Cajole, lie, flatter, sweeten, *tickle* them
And *scatter plums* amongst 'em in abundance ;
For once give all the **Charters** back again
For those who give can take, *disgorge those precious morsels*,
Sweet as *French Conquests*—, which must needs go cross
And discompose a **Monarchs face and stomach**
To cast them— ; but Necessity has *no Law*
Call for the **Bishops**—, ask their advice and Council
Require 'em all to sign a *just abhorrence*
Of this Invaders damnable design,
Perhaps they'll be such good, such *generous men*
To hold his Hands that comes to save their *Throat*,
And with a wondrous Christian Lamb-like Courage
Run on those *Mastives* who would tear the Wolves
That worry them—, for so the Hereticks call us
—Who knows the Realm has long been us'd to *Slavery*.
There is a certain gentle **Sheepish** pleasure
In lying still and holding up their *Throats*,
How wou'd it give us endless years of Laughter
Tho' yet too soon.

2. **Lord.** At least this project has a promising aspect
Let's e'ne about it instantly and vigorously

Peters. I partly like it
Because there's something of *cheat and lying* in it ;
Nothing but Blood is wanting—, then t'wou'd be
Worthy the Rolls of our Society.

[*Exeunt omnes.*
SCENE.

SCENE II. *The Change.*

Enter the three Citizens.

1 *Cit.* **N**OW we are ready, let 'em come when they please, Friends or Enemy: I find after all, we were ne're so entirely disarm'd, as to leave neither *Souls nor Swords* among us.

2 *Cit.* But how do they relish the News at St. James's? Is not the Court very glad of the Honour 'tis like to receive by a Visit from so great a Stranger?

3 *Cit.* No doubt is to be made on't; as much as a Thief would be of my Lord Chief Justices Warrant in order to apprehend him?

1 *Cit.* Have either of you been lately there?

2 *Cit.* I came thence about an hour since, but never in my Life saw so pleasant a *Figure* as they make among 'em. Well, let 'em talk as long as they will of *Poland* and *Amsterdam*: I say, how great a Paradox soever it may seem, If a man has lost his Religion, let him go to our Court to find it again. There's Religions of all sorts and sizes, complexions and humours; *Caslocks and Cloaks*, little Bands and concise *Gravats* piled almost one o' top o' tother. Look into one corner, you find a Quaker managing his *Whites* as if he had seen a Ghost; in another a *Presbyterian*, very gravely thinking what Answer to return to their *Royal humble Servant*; in a third a *Church-man* stalking along as furly as a Lion, tho' he and *Jack Presbyter* methought look'd a little more kindly on one another than they us'd to do, when they found neither of 'em had such *Cloven Feet* and terrible *Horns* as they used to be painted with. Aloof off from both, as if he was afraid they'd fall upon him, sneaks along some old lean malicious *Dog of a Jesuit*, whose care for propagating the Faith, and *Mankind* together, had wasted away two thirds of his sinful Carcase: And tho' he hated both as heartily as *Calvin* himself, yet knowing what necessity there was

to be civil, and who sent for 'em, *tips 'em a gentle Leer*, and looks as fawning on 'em all, as tho they'd given him 50 Guinea's a piece to pray their Fathers Souls out of Purgatory.

3 *Cit.* I never knew these After-games good for any thing: They are like throwing ones self off a Precipice, in hopes to get hold of a Stemb by the way to break the Fall.

1 *Cit.* But all sides know one another too well to depend much on any Promises that shall be made. Whatever's forc'd and unnatural can never have any great effect; however, we shall shortly hear what this great Council produces.

Enter two Protestant Lords.

Phil. Is't known yet what *Answer's* given to the Courts new Proposals?

1 *Cit.* Not yet, my Lord, tho' they're extremely sweet and gracious; 'tis said we *Citizens* shall get our *Charters* again, and all *England* is to have *Plasters* in as many Places as 't has had its Head broken.

Phil. I hate this *meanness* more than all the rest,
When Tyrants act all thorough like themselves,
They may deserve the name of *gloxtous monsters*;
Something methinks of *Lucifer* shines thro' em;
A sort of *gloomy Light*, that's great, tho' Devilish;
But thus to yield and break, to fawn and truckle,
Nay *crawl* to those whom they have lately injur'd,
Beyond forgiveness both from God or Man,
Does more indeed of *scorn* than *pity* ask.

Misop. I would not be so base as t' insult on misery,
Much less a Royal Lion in the Toyls;
Reproach or brave with what he once had been,
Nor fall upon him when oppress'd with numbers:
But when Deceit, Pride, Perjury and Lust,
Murder and Falsehood tumble in the Dust,
Or tottering stand, our Joy's but fit and just.

Phil. What can be a more virtuous, manly Pleasure,
(Nay more *Divine*, for God and Angels love it)
Than to see *Innocence* break through the Clowd,

Drawn

Drawn o're it by the hand of Savage Power,
 And shine far more illustrious than ever ?
 What a more gustful Joy, or dear Delight,
 Than when a Tyrant tumbles from his Heaven,
 His Throne, bright as the Firmament above,
 And sinks in the black Abyss of shame and ruine ?
 What lovelier Star, then that thrice welcom Comet,
 Whose beauteous bloody Hairs portend his Death ?
 And what can of the sudden fall of ours,
 Be a more steady Omen, than that he
 Submits, and treats, and courts the Man he hates ?
 And whom he knows, well knows his gratitude and kindness,
 Let Heaven work on, the mighty works begun,
 And shall, as that thinks fit, be done.
 The gladdest Scene that e're could meet our Eyes,
 When Rome shall fall, and England learn to rise,
 Scap'd from those plagues she felt so oft before,
 Her Servile Chains thrown off to wear no more. [Exeunt omnes]

SCENE III. St. James's.

Enter F. Petres and Nuntio.

Petres. **L** End me a Curle or two, a thousand, million,
 (For all my narrow stock is spent already)
 Lend me some gentle Devil, and take my Soul
 In pawn for payment. Craptoys, Cullains, Rebels !
 Is't not their place, their Duty to be hang'd ?
 Stubborn audacious Wretches to refuse it.
 Nay more, when Life and Pardon, or at least Reprieve,
 I promis'd by that Princes Sacred Word,
 Who never broke it, when he courts and woes 'em :
 And we our selves, our Faithful Holy Order,
 Would be the Guaranties he should perform it,
 And reinstate 'em in their Liberties ;

They'll yet not sign what is so just, so needful ;
 Th' Abhorrence of this foul, unnatural Action,
 Of him who dares pretend secure his own,
 And all the Nations Right and Property,
 When justly seiz'd to Mother Church's Use,
 Or doom'd to advance St. Peter's Patrimony.
 They would not--no Cramps seize their cursed Hands,
 Agues and Palsies freeze 'em, shake 'em, burn 'em.
 Where they leap first, how does Nation follow ?
 O that for once they'd kindly leap to Hell !
 Is this their Honour ? this their Loyalty ?
 O where's that furious Ardor after Faggots ?
 That passionate desire in Smithfield Rounds,
 To fill the Sees of their wise Ancestors ?
 Those, true, had Laws against 'em, these all for 'em.
 (Curse on the faithless Heretick Dogs that made 'em.)
 Are these their Terms ? we might have had far better
 Th' Tent of Orange, were he here to give 'em.

Nuntio. No Remedy ! now Patience is a virtue ;
 If 't has the expected end, the Storm once scatter'd,
 'Twas only Force, which has no Obligation ;
 'Twas almost Treason, and deserves Revenge.

Petres. Revenge--but what ? we've wish'd 'em Hell already,
 And that's too tame a Curse, cou'd we curse deeper ;
 Let's rack 'em here however, tear their Limbs,
 Dis-joynt their stubborn Bones, till the red marrow
 Start from its frighted Cells : Sure this will do,
 'Twill make 'em yield, and save our sinking Cause,
 At least will be a pleasant certain Vengeance.

Nuntio. We may, and be us'd worse our selves ; the Rabble
 Would with no better Game : No, Father, no,
 Again, 'tis only time can this produce :
 But now our Work's to flatter and deceive ;
 Each Word in Honey steep'd, and gentle Smiles,
 Tho Swords and Daggers festring be within,
 Perswade the thick-skull'd Crowd 'twas of meer Grace,

And

And perfect Inclination this we've done;
 If they'll but swallow't, once again we're made;
 Fear's dang'rous, let's not be too soon afraid:
We've one hit more, be that our present care,
And if that fails, we may at last despair.

Enter Mrs. Celiers running.

Celiers. *Thrice bless'd be all the Saints, and thou great Patron*
Of the Society, renown'd Loyola!
 Never was grateful Incense more thy due,
 Or Hymns of praise--- Confounded are the hopes
 Of *Hereticks*, crush'd in their very Bloom,
 Pluckt from the Tree, and trampled under foot,
 The scorn and laughter of the *Cath'lick World*.

Nuntio. Whence, Mistress, comes this sudden dawn of comfort?
 Are our affairs in such a pleasing posture?
 Have we not greater need of *prayers and penitence*?
 Or were you never told the *affrightful News*,
 That *Orange* with a formidable Force
 Is *wasting* over, and with him Destruction
 To all the hopeful *Cath'lick Interest* here?
 Have ye not noted how the *Rabble* murmur,
 The *Graver* think and smile, and seem t' upbraid us
 With our *approaching Fate*?

Celiers. Let 'em smile on, they've little cause as ever.
 No, no my Lord, they have not long to smile,
 Nor was I ignorant of what finds matter
 For all the *World's Discourse*, nor unconcern'd
 For *Holy Church*; but a new *Train of Wonders*,
 Has late secur'd us, and quite dash'd the hopes,
 Of all our *Enemies*--- No longer in *Suspense*
 To hold your *Eminence*; The dreadful *Fleet*
 That hover'd over us, and threatned so much danger,
Oranges Fleet, the *Hereticks* boasted *Fleet*,
 Caught in a furious *Storm* or *Hurricane*,
 As bearing to our *Coasts* from off the *Cerel*,

Is scatter'd, batter'd, and almost entirely lost.

Petres. *Agon, agon, declare the welcom News!*

Tell quickly--tell it *all together*; yet do not

No--let me hear such welcom *passage* in't,

And glut my *hungry Soul* with their Destruction:

For next th' entire *Conversion* of this stubborn Island,

There's not a thing on Earth can more revive me.

Geliers. To give your *Curiosity* satisfaction,

Here is the very *Messenger* who brought it,

And passing in a little Vessel by

Saw all the Storm, their shatter'd Navy sinking,

But knows not yet what damage they sustain'd:

That sent a trusty Correspondent there,

Enclos'd in a short *Pacquet* to the King,

Just after what this *Currier* saw, deliver'd.

Petres. Speak, *Angel*, speak, and if there's Faith in Priests,

I'll give thee *Heaven* it self for thy glad Tidings.

Mess. My business calling me to *Amsterdam*,

Oft in a little Bark I've ventur'd thither,

By my kind *Angels* guarded, and the *Virgin*,

But never saw till now in all my Voyages

A Storm like this, so wild, so black and dreadful,

As all the Elements had lost their places,

And *Water, Air, Fire, Earth* and *Heaven* were mingled;

My Fortune was just then to be bound homeward,

When being some Nights ago upon the *Clutch*,

I saw the Tempest growing, by such Signs

As *Saylers* know. The Sky grew black to wind ward,

And foaming Seas from far came rolling on,

Strait took in *Sails*, and only left a *course* to guide her

Before the Wind, which now grew rough and boistrous,

Rattled and rag'd, and in two *Watches* more

I found my self drawn in among their Fleet.

Pet. The *Enemies Fleet*--were they not bravely shater'd?

Was't not a glorious sight to see 'em sinking,

Transfixt by *Thunderbolts* like the *fallen Angels*?

Mess. Patience, I'll tell you all: The Storm encreases,

The

The Wind veer'd round to *East, West, North and South*,
 Faster than Mariners could box the *Compass*,
 Darker than Pitch the Firmament soon grew,
 Till Flakes of glaring Lightning pierc'd it thro';
Waves roll'd on Waves we felt, but could not see 'em,
 Unless by Starts, when the blew Sulphurous Light
Painted them with new horror, as they hover'd
 Over our Fleet in Seas almost as big
 As those beneath, covering Heavens Face and ours;
Sea after Sea came raking fore and aft;
 This washt us out, that toss'd us in agen;
Long watry Worlds roll'd wide away, uncovering
 Tho' not disclosing, Nature's hidden Caves,
 Impenetrable unto humane sight,
 Where sometimes all the *Fleet* half stranded lay
 Numberless Fathoms deep, as if our Vessels
 Themselves, as well as we, had learnt to *dive for Plate*,
 Tho' soon *new Liquid Mountains* shouldring under,
 Against whose sides we clung, like Rats on Hangings,
 Heav'd us as high as the *affrighted Bear*,
 Washt with the Waves, whose height we might have taken,
 Without an Instrument for Observation,
 Had not black Clouds between forbid our sight,
 Whilst the *dim Moon* labour'd as hard as we,
 Deep sympathizing with her Kindred Kingdoms.

Pet. But still how far'd the Fleet? how many stranded,
Damag'd or lost? How many fat Min-beers
Made Satan and the Sharks a savoury Banquet?

Mess. Their number, Father, in that great Confusion
It was not possible for me t' observe;
This only I know---Some Stately Ships fell foul
 Of one another, broke their stubborn sides,
 And let in *Death*---I heard long thickning Screeks
 Succeeded soon with hollow bubling Groans;
 When oft in vain they'd fired their Guns for Aid,

And

And hung out all their *Lights*, which on the sudden
We saw no more.

Pet. Then, then they went. What pity 'twas there had not
Been *day enough to see't*, and I been there?
But did no Wreck swim by you?

Mess. Yes, Troops of *Noble Horse* came floating near us,
Most dead, some living, beating down the Waves.
With their broad warlike Breasts, as if they drew
A *Sea-God's Car*, till after long contesting,
Tumbling like Porpoises, now up now down,
They sunk for good and all.
The Sea was half spread o're with *Horse and Armour*,
Pikes, Palizadoes, Instruments of Death,
And Shields of Life, as if the *Dutch* intended
On *Neptunes Realms*, not ours to've made Invasion,
And ravish his Hereditary Kingdoms.
More than half theirs before.

Pet. But what of *Orange*?
His Ship, his Person, tell me he was lost,
I'll give thee more than Heaven (that costs me nothing)
An hundred *Guinea's*, be thy cheap Reward.

Mess. That, Sir's impossible; for in the hurry
For Life I left 'em struggling, whilst a sudden Gust
(For almost every way the Whirlwind blew)
Threw me from all the rest, and in few hours
Brought safe to *Harwich*.

Petres. Dull Intelligencer!
And is this all? Thou hast but tantaliz'd me,
And made me dream of Joy, that's but a Dream.

Nunt. Madam, you told me--for I miss't no syllable, [to *Col.*
That we had further news. *Gel.* My Lord, we had;
A firm and trusty Servant of the Court
From the Post-Office sent at *Amsterdam*,
And gave us a particular account
Of all the Damage done. *Pet.* That, that I want.

Gel. This the Contents--Twelve capital Ships they lost,

Small Vessels too, and Tenders without number;
Not certain yet how many *thousand Horse*,
Tho' several Squadrons and whole Vessels wanting,
'Tis thought at once all foundred in the Deep:
But this however's sure---The Project's ruin'd,
This *Winter* we may rest in Peace, nor fear
The Butter-Boxes visit.

Pet. Ring the Bells!

Make Bonfires thro' the Streets, and shew the Hereticks
What they must come to---Seize the *Trait'rous Lords*,
Who dar'd advise their King---Tear, tear the *Charters*,
And make the *sturdy Townsmen* know they'r Slaves,
And shall be nothing---now the day's our own,
Nor *Hell nor Heaven* it self can disappoint us.

Nunt. Hastelost us all but now within an Ace,
And brought us, Father! to the edge of Ruin:
When the kind Saints have heard, and sent a Miracle
To mend our Errors, if the self same way
We fault again, who can excuse or pity us?

Be sure, before we strike, and *then* strike home:
Wait *fresh Intelligence*, and Confirmation
Of this great News---For what if 'tis not true?

Pet.---If 'tis not? 'Tis--must, will, and shall be true,
Or else our Faith is false, the Saints turn'd neuter,
Or all the *Angels Parties with the Hereticks*.
---Here's one that saw it all---can there be more?
Here's Confirmation even from the Invaders,
The Letter from our Friend---*cold, cold Italian!*
Thou canst not hope, nor act, believe, nor do!

Nunt. I own I'm not so warm as your *Society*,
Who oft have ruin'd all by *over-doing*,
And wish 'tis not so now---Rather dissemble
A little longer---Keep the *Masque* but on
'Till the next *Mail* arrives, and if it hold,
Be then as merry and as merciless
As the good News, or they deserve.

E

Pet.

The Late Revolution.

Pet. I hate this *lost Good-nature*—Why shou'd we
 Be kind too long—Is't not a pain to be so?
 Nay more, is't not a Sin to suffer Hereticks
 Go longer on in hopes, when we can *nip*
Their very Blossoms—O, what dear Revenge!
 Now in the top, the rooff of all their Expectations,
 To tumble down to Hell—This, this revives me:
 And I'd almost lie there for Company,
 Rather than they should scape—I'll to my *Master*,
 Warn him his Time is short, and now *Occasion*
Agen has turn'd her Lock, we must lay hold on't.
 Sit firm, and *Rein* the Head-strong Beast beneath us;
 Spur, Gaul, and Load, and make 'em know their *Rider*.
 No longer let us meanly now defer
 The Ceremony of the *Prince's Baptism*,
 It shall be *open*, free, and glorious, all
 Like our *Society*, and like our *King*.
 ---Madam, You'l go and get what's fit in Readiness, [*To Celliers*.
 Whilst I dispose my *Royal Daughter* to it:
 Yes, thro' their Streets, ev'n at *Noon-day* we'll do it.

Nunt. I only wish agen, you'r not too nimble:
 If Ruine follows, *I at least am Innocent*.
 Your's, Father, be the blame, whose Sanguine temper
 Forms all things near, and easie, as you please,
 Tho' vastly difficult, and ev'n insuperable.
Proceed and prosper, if you meet your Fate,
Dada's advice will then be lik'd too late.

Exeunt omnes

ACT.

ACT. III. SCENE I.

*The Street at St. James's---A Procession---The King and Queen.
The pretended Prince of Wales carrying to the Chappel. Father
Petres, Jesuits, Fryars, Nuns, Irish-men, Popish Lords.*

Hymn to Ignatius.

Glory of the Saints above,
The Sons delight, the Mothers love,
Whom the Seraphs kneel before,
And, as well as we, adore.
Thus we sing, and thus we pay
All the Thanks of this glad Day.

'Tis, to thee alone we owe
Triumphs o're the conquer'd Foe;
All their threatening Forces broke,
Conquer'd all without a stroke.
Heav'n stood still, and seem'd to nod,
Thou alone our Saint, our God.

Say, what Offerings thou'lt receive
Till we the Hereticks Blood can give!
Take the best that we can bring!
Take the Off-spring of a King!
In thy Name we'll him Baptize,
He thy living Sacrifice.

Scene changes to the Chappel.

*Altar, Crucifixes, Images, as before. A Font in the middle. Father
Petres comes up to the Font, and takes the Child, Baptizing it
with all their Ceremonies. Beginning with their usual Custom
of Conjuring the Devil out of him.*

*Pet. Twice and thrice, foul Fiend, stand clear!
Room thou hast no longer here!*

At the Churches Word avaunt,
Of a Devil make a Saint.
Thus I spit, and warn thee hence
From this Infant Innocence.
Sacred Oyl, and Salt and Snivel,
Thus I use to scare the Devil.

[Spits three times:

While they are at their Devotions, a Messenger rushes in among
em, with a Rope about his Neck, and interrupts the Ceremony.

Popish L. What sawcy Heretick is't that dares presume
Thus to disturb our sacred Offices?

Mess. None, none, my Lord---My posture will excuse
The rudeness I've been guilty of---But *more*
The Message which I bring.

[Petres gives the Child to a Popish Lady, and runs towards him.]

Pet. What is't? speak quickly--is't the Confirmation
Of that *blest News* we heard before, and now
Are thanking our great Patron for--- Do but see,
No sooner are we grateful, but he gives us
New cause to be so---Here's, I'm certain,
The Loss of Orange, or at least, (for less
We cannot take from Heaven) of all his Navy.
Speak quickly, speak, and tell us how and where?

Mess. Far otherwise---My Business hither is
Sent Post some few Hours since from *Dover Castle*
To bring the News that the *Dutch Fleet* pass'd by us
An Hour before I parted.

Pet. 'Tis impossible---
The Fellow dreams---or has call'd in by th'way
And found this Story in his *Brandy*.
The *Dutch Fleet*!--why? they'r lost, or torn, or shatter'd
At their first setting out, nor can at least be here
Till Spring at soonest---

Mess.

Mess. What I tell I saw;

Saw with these Eyes, which are not us'd to cheat me;
 And 'twas the loveliest and most dreadful sight
 They e're presented me--- *At break of Day*
 We made their *Scout-ships* from the highest Tow'r
 Of all the Castle--- and before 'twas Noon
 Came all the Navy up--- Sure more Invincible,
 Greater at least than was the *jam'd Armada*.
Five hundred Sail, or more. The Sea, the Air,
 The Sun, Wind, and all conspir'd to grace the Show.
A thousand Pendants waving in the Wind,
 Which gently fann'd 'em into *ease motion*,
 Dimpled as the smooth Waves that roll'd beneath.
A thousand Trumpets founding on their Decks,
 Mixt with as many Drums, made *heavenly musick*;
 (Or 'twould been such, had they not been our Enemies.)
Almost as many Ships stretch'd proudly o're
From Calice trembling Sands, to Dover shore,
Like Xerxes Bridge across the Hellespont,
Lay Sunning in the Road; whilst we almost conceited
 Our Glasses shew'd us on the other side
 The fearful Natives clust'ring out in Swarms,
 Ready to take the Island for their Safety.
 And little less were we concern'd than they,
 Until, at last, we saw 'em move agen,
 And to the *Westward steering* when I left 'em.

*Scene closes on the King and Queen, &c. Father Petres, the Nuntio, Popish Lords left. Father Petres comes forward musing---
 The Nuntio begins.*

Nunt. Now Father---What think you of *Italian Politicks*?
 The next News is they'r landed; and the next,
 That all the Country, and all England joyn 'em:
 And what comes next, is quickly gueft,
 That you and I are hang'd, or at least drawn and quarter'd:

The

The *Bobbs* our Expeditionous Executioners.

Pet. They dare not, sure, affront these *sacred Habits*.

Nunt. Dare not! --- Why? put an *Angel in a Cow*,
Or our Priests Vestments, and turn him loose to th' *Rabble*,
His Immateriality it self would hardly save his being *limb'd a-*
mongst 'em.

Pet. You are not sure they'l come--- we have an *Army*,
A formidable one---

Nunt. Yes, to our selves;
I dread *them* more than all the *Princes Forces*.

Have we not disoblig'd the *Officers*

By placing *Irish* o're their Heads? *The common Soldiers*

By our cashiering *English Officers*.

Runs not a general murmur thro' the *Camp*?

Hardly last Summer, at the *fam'd Campaign*,

Imploy'd in taking Buda and Butterflies,

Were they restrain'd from falling fowl on one another.

But now they've opportunity for *Vengeance*;

And Honour, that's a *Souldiers Conscience*, stings 'em;

We lose 'em all, and are our selves *more lost*.

Pet. Let's all to *Prayers*.

Popish L. Nay then we are are gone incedd.

'Tis a sure sign *St. Peter's Ship* is sinking,

When *even Judas prays*.--- Then, lecherous *Father*!

Then was there room for *Pray'r*, when you were warn'd,

Desir'd, perswaded, told what certainly wou'd come on't,

Wou'd be the effect of all these *Headstrong Councils*.

Dye think that your *Society's* not bound

In *Conscience* and in *Honour* to be hang'd

For all good *Catholicks* besides in *England*.

You'd make rare *Representatives* on that occasion.

Plagues, *Vipers*, *Scourges*

T'your selves, and all the *World*.--- A *curst Fry*

That never yet were *fit to live nor dye*.

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Citizens House.*

Enter Philangus, Misopappas, three Citizens.

Phil. 'T'Was a fine stroke indeed, and worthy Orange.

O how secure it lull'd 'em, still and ealm!

As they had ta'ne as large a *dose of Opium*

As we before, when we too long believ'd

And trusted 'em--How soon the Vipers shew'd

Their *forked stings*, portending Death and Ruine

As soon as warm'd by this kind Accident?

What care they take lest we agen shou'd be

Deceiv'd, and think a *Papist* can be honest?

There's no such fear; at length, tho' late, we know 'em.

Mis. To send a dreadful story that they'd lost

So many Ships, and all the rest so dammag'd

They'd not be fit for Service *till the Spring!*

In truth 'twas very pleasant---But for them,

The Jesuits, those fine *sharp-ey'd Politicians*,

Who will pretend to *out-Devil Belzebub*,

And mend the most *well-labour'd* stroke of Hell,

For these to swallow all so tame, so glibly,

Is worth loud laughter!

1 Cit. And then, my Lord, what haste they made to tell us

What we must look for? How their Favours shrunk?

Charters restor'd, stopt in their *very passage*,

At this glad News---And then the impudent Procession

For his *Welch Highness*---

2 Cit. Yes, 'tis done at last:

He has a Name longer than any Britain,

From their last Prince *Luellin* up to *Madoc*,

Ignatius-Lewis-James,

And a great deal more on't---

Poor Child! heed need be as wise, to mind it all,
As to find out his *Father*.

Phil. These short and *suddain changes*, faint cold sweats
And feverish burnings, shew their End approaches,
And I mistake if Pop'ry is *long-liv'd* in England.

Mis. It *liv'd apace*, as if it knew before
How short a Period was allotted it:

A fine round progress is already made,
And had they but fair play, none to controul 'em,
No Laws on Earth, nor Providence in Heaven,
And none but *Knaves and Fools* to work upon:
We quickly shou'd, no doubt, have store of Converts,
And England the Pope's *Ass* as much as ever.
Their *Shows and Trinkets* all the Fools amaze,
Children love *Babies*, Blocks love *Images*.

Ambition, Honour, Profit draws the Villains,
And *Pleasures* some, and others dear *Revenge*.
But now the gawdy Show's as good as over.
Henry the Eighth first shook the Seat of Rome,
And shew'd the Pope the way from these lov'd Kingdoms.
Why may not a *Ninth Henry* be reserv'd
T'accomplish what has been so long begun,
And give the *total downfal* to their *Babel*,
In spite of Laws and Conscience, Faith and Oaths,
Endeavour'd to be anew erected here?

3 *Cit.* What he will do, my Lord, we now shall know:
'Tis thought e're this *be's landed*---Two days since
His *Birrh-day* was---The day before his Fleet
Was seen i'th' *Channel*---We shall soon have News.

Mis. And then the Court will look full out as pleasant
As at the Message of their *passing Dover*,
Which all o'th' sudden damp't their Jollity,
Turn'd their *Te Deum's* into *Lachrymae's*,
As shortly their *Magnificats* will sow
To *Nunc Dimittis* in a dreadful howl,

The Late Revolution.

41

Like frighted Wolves over a mangled Carcase
I'th' the lone *Church-yard*, when by the gath'ring Village
Compell'd to quit their *newly dig'd up* Banquet.

Phil. Nor need their Fleet fear any harm from ours,
(If this distinction 'twixt 'em ought be made)
Since each *brave Officer* is thoroughly warm'd
With full assurance of the Villanies
Intended *England*, having been commanded
To take in Force from *France*, which ready lay
I'th' opposite Shore of *Britany*, and waited
Only for Imbarkation to destroy us.

'Tis known, not only generously they scorn'd it,
But with *Resentments* brave, and like themselves,
Resolv'd a publick, noble, just Revenge.
Nor was the *honest Sayler* less allarm'd,
Or for his Country careful---he could fight
With any thing that dar'd attack't, but not
Strive to cut off *kind hands stretch'd out to save it* ;
From them we need not fear--- if they not help us,
The honest Men at least will guard the Villains
From doing mischief, if they'll do no good.
Whence in the fairest probability
By this their *Fleet* are landed, and our deliverance
Successfully begun.

Misop. Let's then to Court,
(Tho' 'tis indeed now grown a perfect Scandal
For honest Men to come there) and observe
Whatever Priests or Jesuits we first light on,
Hence we shall quickly find what News they have :
If good to England, they'll look dull and sad,
And hang their Ears ; but laugh or smile if bad. [Exeunt omnes.

F

SCENE

SCENE III. *Whitehall.*

Enter Father Petres, and two or three Whores.

1 Who. WE hear ill News, Father, and therefore are fled for succour to your Wing before the Enemy comes upon us.

F. Pet. You could not have found out a worse place, (nor perhaps one that would be less smart at present.) Why Daughters-- I go in such errand Danger of my Life every moment already, that I'd willingly part with the best Jewel I have, *Crucifix* and all, to preserve it.

2 Who. Heaven forbid it-- 'Twould be time enough for that if the Prince were landed, had beat our Army, and were got to *Kingsington*.

Pet. He may be in a fair way for't by this time; for we expect advice on't every hour. But whatever should happen, your Devotion is very commendable-- Therefore be as brief as you can; *confess quickly, and I'll absolve ye.*

1 Who. [*falling on her Knees.*] I'm a most grievous Sinner--- But one thing especially lies heavier than all the rest.

Pet. What's that Daughter--- out with it--- your Stomach will be the better for't when 'tis done.

1 Who. You once enjoyned me an *hundred Avemaries* for Penance; but just as I got to the end of the 99th, a Spark *tips me the wink* at the Chappel-door, whom I could not resist, but went out with him to the Tavern, and so left my Task unfinished.

Pet. A heinous Offence-- The want of fasting your third there, was enough to unravel all your work-- your Penance shall be, To give all your next Weeks Gains to the Churches Service. Who's the next?

[*While the 2 Whore falls on her Knees, and prepares for Confession, a Post winds his Horn without, and Petres starts up in great haste.*

Pet.

Pet. Away all.— I forgive you as fully as if ye had confessed every Syllable, let your Faults be what they will; for I hear the Post, and must in to see what News it brings.

Both. Two poor Whores Blessings on you, reverend Father!

The End of the Third Act.

ACT. IV.

SCENE I. Whitehall.

Enter Nuntio, Popish Lords and Ladies, Father Petres, Protestant Lords and Citizens observing. To them all a Messenger taken off his Horse, and led between two into the Audience.

Mess. **M**y Errand must be short, or else I fear
My Life will scarce last long enough to do it.
Yesterday the Prince landed in Torbay,
I saw him there, and posted thence immediately
With so much hast, I've left my Life behind.
Farewell my Lords— Remember my Family.

[Drops down dead amongst 'em.]

Philang. aside. Too dear officious Loyalty has cost thee,
To an ungrateful Court; altho' such News
Thou bringst us all, as well deserves Reward.
My Lord, and Gentlemen, to Horse, 'tis time—
Be close and expeditious— we know where to meet.

Cit. Nor will we fail the welcom assignation.

[Exeunt Lords and Citizens.]

F. Pet. I do not like the Omen—that the first
Who shews his forward Loyalty should lose
His Life for't, seems ill-boding to the Cause.

Nunt. Would that were all, or that his single death
(Nay wer't ten thousand Hereticks more, no matter)

Could make that false which dying he deliver'd.

1 *Lord.* We're yet not lost, tho' dang'rous our condition,
We have an *Army* left, would they but stand,
There were no cause for fear, and would the *K.* himself
In Person head them, much might yet be done.

F. Pet. Be that my care--I'll thaw his frozen Courage
With fear of Purgatory, and hopes of Heaven,
Till he'd wade thro' the fire to reach the latter.

Nunt. About it quickly, and if nothing else
Of good comes of it, this at least we gain,
He makes a stand, and bears the Brunt awhile,
While we get off, and at his Valour smile.

2 *Lord.* First call the Citizens, they love fair words,
Try 'em once more; would they alone stand by us,
We need not fear the Prince and all his Army.

Pet. The timorous, and the desperate both are ours,
Those who have nought to lose, or fear the Loss
Of what they have-- which will at least oblige
Some of the wealthiest Leaders to stand neuter,
If not assist us with their Force and Treasure.
Be that your care; I'll to the King. [*Ladies*] away!
Whilst we befor the Altar kneel and pray.

SCENE II. *The City of Exeter.*

Enter several Battalions of the Prince's Army, on their March into the City with Colours flying, Drums Beating, and the Citizens shouting at their Arrival. Led up by the Captain of his Guards, who advances, and speaks.

Capt. Gentlemen, we indeed no less expected
From such true Protestants and Englishmen;
Whom would not welcom one who comes to save him
From Savage Tyranny, and barbarous Villains?

Our

Our Cause and business is the same with yours,
To lend our hands, if you're your selves not wanting,
And take Revenge on those who've almost ruin'd,
Both you and us---*The Heroic Prince in Person*
Is landed, and with all convenient speed approaching,
VVhom here himself you'll see in a few hours.

1 *Ald.* VVelcom he is as Rain to the chapt Land;
Or as the Sun to the cold frozen World;
VVelcom as pardon to the innocent,
Sentenc'd by Villains, and condemn'd to die.
We now dare say our Lands, our Souls are ours,
If not devoted to his Service more,
VVho them to us so kindly does restore.

2 *Ald.* How sweet is Liberty to free-born Minds?
Sure we breath clearer Air than e're his coming;
All things look pleasant now in spite o'th' Season,
VVinter forgets it self and smiles anew;
As aged Serpents, when the Sun revives
The fresh'd cloath'd Fields, and gives the Flowers new Lives,
Creep from their Cells as soon as Spring begins,
Tast the blest'd Herb, and cast their wither'd skins;
Then there the smiling Meadows glide away
Amidst the Grass in wild Meanders play,
And bask themselves in the warm Beams of day.

Capt. To night we'll mount the Guard, and wait his coming,
To morrow we'll not doubt your care and kindness
To see 'em all well-quarter'd in the City;
VVhere, upon pain of Death, they're all requir'd
To offer no affront or Violence:
The Princes Armies are not us'd to ravage;
He loves good Discipline, and will preserve it,
Tho at the cost of the Offenders Lives.

Ald. It shall be done, and we'll with Joy attend
Proud France's Dread and Terror, England's Friends.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE

SCENE III. Whitehall.

Enter Father Petres, Nuntio, Popish Lords.

Pet. **W***Hat, drop already ! O too hasty Villains !*
 Not one short day's the News arriv'd before ;
 We hear of some fall to th'injust Invaders :
 Once more kill all that we suspect, for that alone
 Is the *Infallible Method* to secure 'em.

Nunt. All are not *Effexes*, nor civilly
 Will condescend to save our Arms the labour,
 And do that Drudgery themselves ; nor can we
 VVithout their *Aid* accomplish it ; our *Army*
 You know is gone already with the King,
 As part before him, to old *Salisbury* ,
 There in that spacious Plain, which lies before it,
 To give the bold Invaders one fair Battel
 For *England's* Crown ; and they being gone, what have we,
 But a few Trops of heartless Guards to help us,
 VVho either would themselves upon occasion
 Fly from us, or perhaps assist to *murder* us :
 No ; still we must be fair, and wait th' event ;
 If the day's ours, we never were *too merciful*.

Pet. Mercy ! O name not that *detested Virtue* !
 Talk rather of Faith and Truth, and all the rest
 Of those dull Notions which the Schools infest ;
But mercy, be a Stranger to my Breast.
 Should we the glorious Victory obtain,
 VVhich willingly I'd give my Soul to gain,
 The second should exceed the first Campaign,

Cover the Fields, and die the *Western Shore*
 VVith mangled Carcases, and streams of Gore.
 Each Tree should make an *useful Gibbet* there,
 Traytors the Fruit they then should only bear,
 Nor old nor young, Matrons nor Babes we'd spare.

Nunt. The *Extasie* I see hast lost you, Father,
 And Zeal for the Conversion of these Hereticks,
 Made you forget they're like to do by us,
 As willingly we would our selves by them ;
 But d'ye remember what began this Conference,
 The *Heretick Lords* *sal'n to the Prince already* ?

Pet. Remember ! Yes--- I'll first forget *Revenge* ,
 A pleasure so delicious and divine ;
 Heaven would reserve it for it self alone,
 And interdict it to the *last of Mortals* ;
 We only, who its *Vicars* power share,
 May us't our selves, and *Lease* it out to others.
 Yes, I remember't ; but two hours ago
 The News was brought ; but had it been two Ages,
 Nay, two *Eternities*, I'd neer forget it:
 The Traitors through the Heart of *England* drove,
 In meer affront and scorn of us and Majesty,
 And made with armed Force directly toward
 The *West*, that cursed Seed-plot of Rebellion,
 Which were it rooted up, and sunk in th' Ocean,
 As I indeed begin to wish the *Island*,
 That'd been a happiness to us, and but
 Justice to them.

Nunt. This Passion helps not, call your *Reason*, Father,
 We want it all in such a *nice* Conjunction.
 What shall we do with those are yet behind ?
 There's *Royal Games*, you know, lodge in the Palace,
 The *Princesses*, Father ; ha ! what say you to it ?

Pet.

The Late Revolution.

Pet. Dispatch her---that you know's my constant Judgment.
Quick work is best, the Dead can tell no Tales.

Nunt. So can the *Living*, and Revenge the Dead.

As willingly as you, I'd see the Blood

Of Hereticks---~~The~~ *Dobler* tis the better;

Tho' no more sin to shed it than a Dog's.

But yet I love my own too well t'exchange it

For theirs; and therefore my Opinion is,

Only secure her---that's enough for the present,

In trusty hands; and if Fate frown, we may

To *France*, or where we please, the Prize convey.

Pet. That's the next best; tho' t'other first I'd chuse:

Let's order then some of the Guards to seize her

In dead of night.

Nunt. Agreed; be that your care:

Whilst I away to Council, and to Pray'r.

SCENE IV. *Exeter.*

The Out-Guards. A Scout comes in.

Gent. Stand! the Word?

Scout. Orange. Call your Officer. *(They call him.)*

Offic. What News abroad?

Scout. As with my detach'd Party I advanc'd

To the next Villages to learn Intelligence

O' th' Enemy, we saw i'th' Road, beneath

A little Hill, in which we lay obscur'd

Behind some Heath and Shrubs, two Chariots coming

Furious, as for their lives, drawn by six Milk-white Steeds,

And a strong Party of Horse attending them.

Offic. Let 'em all pass, they'r Friends, and we expected
Their coming.

Scout.

Scont. I'll about it instantly.

Officer to a Souldier ;]

Mean while go your acquaint the *Prince* with speed
Of their arrival.

Souldier goes out.

The two Protestant Lords appear, and the Scene opening, discovers the Guards drawn up to receive them, with the Captain in the Head of 'em.

Capt. My noble Lords, welcom to us, as was
The *Prince* to England; who expects your coming
I th' Palace with impatience.

Phil. We attend him

With all the Joy our Nations Saviour merits
To be saluted, and with all the Honour ;
And think our Service Interest, as well
As Gratitude---

Mis. But can you guess, my Lord,
How dreadful Guilt and Fear has represented
Your Army to the Court—Your Number and your Stature
Are both advanc'd—all six foot high at least
In Bear-skins clad, Suifs, Suedes, and Brandenburgiers.

Capt. The better ; 'twill the more discourage 'em,
And make the Conquest easier. But we're come
To th' Palace, where the Flour of all the Gentry
That grace this ancient Shire, attend the *Prince*
With generous profers of their Loves and Fortunes.

Phil. For the same End we come, and wait them in.

Exeunt into the Palace.

G

SCENE.

SCENE V. *St. James's.**Enter a Souldier solus.*

Sould. NO; tho' I'm but a private Centinel,
 I wear an English Soul, and scorn what's base.
 Tho' *Petres* and his curs'd Cabal shou'd offer me
 As much as they have *ebow'd* the Nation of
 For four years past, the time of their short Reign,
 I neither wou'd assist, nor yet conceal
 That Villany he'de have me sharer in.
 To seize the *Princess* in the dead of Night,
 In order to convey her into *France*?
 How had th' old Goat the Impudence to think it?
 Or, how the Folly to believe I'd aid him
 For all the tempting *Guinea's* he propos'd?
 Tho' Mony to a Souldier wou'd be welcom.
 Yet lest my Life my rashness shou'd atone
 If I refus'd, I gently lur'd 'em on,
 Pretending I'd my self be one o'th party
 To guard her hence, and so I'd gladly be,
 Tho' not their way. I'll strait to a Noble Lord
 Who lives not far, and loves and honours her;
 Has Courage, Sense, and Bravery enough
 To venture all, rather than let her perish,
 And break with speed the Neck of their Design;
 For now there's but few hours e're 'twill be put
 In Execution, if not timely hinder'd.
 I'll hence, altho' I know I tread on Swords,
 And run the Gauntlet thro' whole Troops of Murth'ers,
 Who'd make no more to kill me than their Father,
 And both, to get our Clothes. Vertue defend me!
 And you, kind Guardians of the Great and Good,
 Who now stand careful Centry's round the *Princess*.

Or

Or rather let 'em guard her Life alone,
So that but safe, I value not my own.

SCENE VI. St. James's.

Enter Father Petres and Nuntio.

Nunt. A Re all things ready?

Pet. Am I us'd to fail

In what concerns the Church, or my own Interest?

I've order'd all so well, 'tis Fate already,
Not Orange now can help with all his Army.

How wears the Night?

Nunt. 'Tis turn'd of Eight.

Pet. She has

But four short Hours of Liberty behind,
Nay, is already Prisoner, tho' she know't not,
As then she shall.

Nunt. 'Tis all as I cou'd wish't.

But are we sure? Can Fortune play no Tricks

To cheat us yet? Is the great Secret known

Only to trusty Villains?

Pet. Wer't a Plot

To burn the stubborn City down agen?

Whose Hydra-headed Spires, more thick and numerous

Than e're we crush't 'em, since appear and flourish:

Wer't a Design as dang'rous and as brave

As that great Garnet, bless'd Saint and Martyr!

Guarded by Oaths, seal'd with his holy Blood,

Not greater Caution ever cou'd be us'd;

The Steps more certain, firm, and un-observ'd;

I've trusted none, but those whom Want, Revenge,

Or Conscience render firm and desperate.

Nunt. I hear some Steps---perhaps 'tis hers, for this

Is her Apartment---Let's withdraw, for fear

We give suspicion if she find us here.

Exeunt ambo.

SCENE.

SCENE, *Princess's Apartment.*A SONG, *by one of her Ladies.*

Gentle Spirits, the Defence
 Of fair Virtue and Innocence,
 Here let nothing ill presume,
 Set your Guards around the Room;
 Let no boding Dreams affright,
 No Illusions of the Night;
 Walk your Rounds, and hence repell
 Fiends of Earth, and Fiends of Hell,
 Till the Morning Purple Dawn,
 Till the Light's fair Curtain drawn,
 You no more from Bliss debar'd,
 Brother Angels mount the Guard.

Enter Soldier. My Business will excuse my rudeness, Madam;
 This Letter from a Noble Lord attending.

[*Gives a Letter, the Lady takes it and carries it in, then re-enters.*]

Enter another Soldier.

Sold. Madam! your Guards are chang'd, the Irish Blood-hounds
 Placed all around you, just this Stair-case free
 Where I am Centry; this short Minute's yours,
 And not one more.

Lady. Nay, then 'tis time; tho' Duty and Nature strive,
 And raise, by turns Debate, by turns Contest,
 Expelling each the other from her Breast,
 The latter will, I hope, be strongest there.

[*Exit*]

1 *Sold.* Are all things ready to convey 'em hence?

2 *Sold.* All as we'd wish— just at the end o'th' Street
 Attends a Noble Lord, who will not soon
 Quit her Defence, with whom a faithful Troop
 Of Friends to th' Royal Family and his,
 To Guard their precious Charge to a safe retirement.

Re-enter Lady, with another in Disguise.

Lady. We go, but scarce know whether,
 As frightened Mariners themselves to save
 From raging Flames leap into th' raging Wave.

Exeunt omnes.
 ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE I. *St. James's.**Enter Nuntio and Father Petres.*

F. Pet. **S**He's fast--the Royal Game is fast i'th' Toyls;
 The *Avenues* to her Chamber, all secur'd,
 And I, each hour, expect a Messenger,
 To tell me how she bears it.

Nunt. But from the *Camps*---
 Ours and the Enemies, what Tidings Father?

F. Pet. All, all exceeds our *Fears, our Hopes, our Wishes!*
 Changes formidable Army, brought
 To settle Kingdoms, *establisb Heresie*, and do wonders,
 Is known to be no more than 14000.
 When we are *Threescore thousand*, less or more:
 But few come in; and hotly 'tis discours'd
Hee'l home agen, and leave us as he found us.

Nunt. Were that but true, 'twoud prove a *kind Invasion*.
 The last gave such advantage as has shook
 Heresie here, 't has scarce e're since recover'd:
This would destroy and kill it *Root and Branch*.

F. Pet. We every moment wait a *Post from th' Army*.
 But here's already from the Princess news,
 Or I'm mistaken--For I see one coming
With haste and business in his very looks.

[*Enter Messenger.*

Speak quickly, for I know thy News is welcom!
 Say how she *storm'd* when she at first receiv'd:
 The News of her Confinement!

Mess. Reverend Father!
 'Tis not so well--- when we, according to
 Appointment, had secur'd the *Avenues*,
 And sent an Officer to inform the Princess
 What Orders we receiv'd, and that she was
 To be our *Prisoner*--gently first we scrap'd

Against

Against the Door, which was, to our surprize,
Left open: when none came, we yet knock'd lowder;
But still no answer---then we ventur'd in,
But found the Bird was flown---No Princess there!
In a Disguise escap'd before we came.

F. Pet. Traitors--Slaves--Heretick Dogs! Say, which way took she?
With *whom, when, how, where, whither!* quickly tell?
And who betray'd us, and inform'd her?
Say, or you shall be all rack'd, damn'd together!

Mess. If more were possible, that wou'd not be so:
We went exactly according to our Order,
And cou'd no more.

Nunt. Lose not your Breath in Curses---had we time,
'Tis true, I now would joyn to vent my Rage:
---But quickly send to every Watch to stop her,
She can't be gone alone, nor far---Send out a Party
To scour the Western Road that leads to the Rebels.

F. Pet. I'll out, and stab 'em on if they delay,
'Tis that or nothing now must be the way.

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE II. Prince's Camp.

Enter the two Protestant Lords, and the Captain of the Princes Guards.

Phil. **Y**Es, now the *English Lion* learns to rouse,
Stretches his Claws, and shakes his dreadful Mane,
Tho' long he drouzy lay. *Troops after Troops*
Each hour desert the Popish heartleis Army.
Early this Morn came in the *brave young Souldiers*,
In a long March reacht hither from the Enemy,
With some of the best Troops in all their Army:
More will be here, and *only wait th' occasion.*

Mis. But sure the *Justs* will stand by their Master,
And bear one Charge. *Capt.* 'Tis more than e're they did then.
That Nation has no luck in *breeding Heroes*;
If I mistake 'em not, when we come near 'em

They'l

They'll backwards run, as fast as th' other Troops
Run to us--- *Phil.* Then their Army left in the midst
Is like to be reduc'd to a small number.

Capt. We soon shall try--- For being well refresh'd
After our longue Fatigue by ~~Sea and Land~~,
We've Orders now to march with Expedition,
And Face the Enemy--- *Phil.* That's as he pleases :
However, we'll to our Quarters, and prepare
T'attend the Prince and you. *Capt.* My Lords, farewell.

SCENE III. *The King's Camp at Salisbury.*

*Enter Popish Lords, Captains, Teague and Macdonald--to them a
Souldier running.*

Sold. **T**O Horse ! To Horse ! we're all undone, betray'd
And ruin'd ! The *Enemy's* upon us. 1 *L.* *T*is impossible !
Our last Scouts brought us News they wear not near us
By three days March. *Sold.* I saw 'em with these Eyes :
Their *Advanc'd Guards* already are i'th' Skirts
O'th' City, their *Main-body* on the Plain,
And cover it half over. 2 *Lord.* *Fear has made thee*
See more than double--- I'll to th' King however,
T' acquaint him with the News---while you, my Lord,
Draw up the Horse, and stand 'em if they're coming.

Sold. My Lord, 'tis now too late---the King has heard already,
And is rode off for *Windsor*. 2 *Lord.* What ! without a stroke !
Well, Fear's too strong, and there's no Remedy :
Had he but stay'd, we might have had *one push*.
Now shift all for your selves. *Teague.* Aboo Aboo !
By Shaint *Pantrick*, if my Moder were here, but
I won'd run into her Belly, that these Heretick Dutch
Rogues might not catch poor *Teague*.

[*They all run away, some without any Boots, others with one on and
t'other off scattering the Road with Guns, Swords, Hats, Coats,*
&c.] SCENE.

SCENE IV. *The Prince's Army.**Enter the two Protestant Lords, Captain of Guards.*

Phil. **T**Was as you guess'd, nor dar'd they stand the shock,
 I n're expected much, but they've out-done
 The very meanest thing I cou'd suspect;
 Were not three Kingdoms worth a single stroke?
 Or, had we been but near enough to've reach'd 'em,
 Even with our longest Canon, and but kill'd
 One single Centry, th'ad been some excuse:
 But this as much the want of Courage shows,
 As all the rest of Prudence and of Justice.

Mis. His Flatterers still will call him Hero,
 Pretend him brave, altho' not Fortunate;
 That when none stood, 'twas vain for him to stand
 And singly fall by some Ignoble Hand.

Capt. Had things been thus, still might he ha' kept the Name
 Of a great General; but 'twas not they from him,
 (As those who since fall in whole Squadrons to us)
 But he first fled from them: He must at least
 Have ten or twenty thousand in his Army,
 Dipt deep in the same Cause, wou'd have stuck by him.
 But thus to leave the helpless Wolves to shift
 Among whole Troops of eager, sharp-fang'd Mastives,
 All hot to worry them, as they before
 Had serv'd the Folds--Say, was it great or brave?
 Or like their boasted Hero?—But who comes here?
 Sure I shou'd know that Lady. *Phil.* 'Tis the Princess.
 We shall have News from Court.

Enter Princess's Lady.

Lady. My Lords, I bring you News indeed. The Princess,
 Attended by a numerous noble Train,
 Scap'd from her Jaylors (for they were no better)
 Will soon be here. *Mis.* Who will be left behind?
 We heard indeed, they intended to secure her.
 But how was't possible t'o escape these *Argus's*?

Lady.

Lady. Easier from them, then from her self she scaped.
 I fear'd at first her over-tender Duty
 Wou'd have betray'd her to our Enemy's wishes.
 Had you but seen, *My Lords!* the doubtful struggle,
 Or heard the different Reasons almost poize
 In equal Scales (mistaken Piety
 So partial held the Beam) you'd ne're forget 'em,
 Nor cease admiring.

Misopa. — What the great and good
 In such conjunctures speak, has something in't
 Almost divine — 'Twou'd be a grateful pains
 To let us know it. [*Lady.*] Willingly my Lords,
 So firm, so deep I fix'd each word, each syllable,
 They'l never out agen — When first Intelligence
 Was brought of the Design, — awhile she mused,
 (Tho' little time was left for thought or musing)
 Then thus she spake, — they were her very words:
 "Nor can I doubt the truth of him who gives
 "This timely warning, nor the wicked malice
 "Of those who make it necessary for me
 "To accept it — stay — but is it necessary?
 "The groveling Villains dare not seize a Princess;
 "Or if they dar'd, my mind will still be free,
 "Nor ask the Traitors leave for Liberty.
 — Dare not! I humbly interrupted her,
 What dares not cursed Malice and Revenge,
 Defeated Superstition and Despair,
 You wou'd not, *Madam!* be the first they've sent
 To Heav'n or th' earliest — or if they proceed not
 So far, at least you are betray'd, and sent
 To the *French Tyrant*, kept in durance there;
 Perhaps ill us'd to make you quit your Faith,
 How many degrees were either worse than Death.
 "—— But to what place of safety, she rejoyn'd,
 "Can these our Friends convey us? — where, alas!
 "Can that be found in these distracted Kingdoms?
 "Where but i'th' Prince's Camp —— and can I leave

H

"My

" My Fathers Palace to go thither ? fall
 " To his Enemies (nay, do not Interrupt me !)
 " To thole at least in Actual Arms against him ,
 " Those whose rude Swords — I dare not there think farther :
 " — But yet, on calmer thoughts, they are not such
 " To him, but to his Enemies, and the Kingdoms,
 " Those Frogs and Locusts Swarming round the Throne,
 " And hindring its kind influence from shining
 " Upon the Under-World — when did that Prince,
 " Who hazards his own Life, and all his Fortunes
 " To Safeguard ours, when did that Noble Prince
 " E're Violate his Faith, or Honour given ?
 " Sure he has too much Courage to be Guilty
 " Of an ill Action, of which the base and mean,
 " The vulgar, coward Soul alone is capable :
 " Besides, shou'd I stay here, the Kingdom shares
 " My personal danger ; from these cursed Jesuits
 " And an enraged Step-dame, zealous for
 " The Catholick Cause, worse — were she not a Mother.
 " And where shall I turn me — O ! lov'd cruel Father,
 " In what dark Labyrinths have you involv'd me,
 " Whence even the Clues of Duty, Reason, Nature
 " Can not direct my way, for they indeed
 " Each other cross, and make the Case more Intricate ;
 " A ghastly precipice on either hand,
 " Before, behind, nor can I keep my Station :
 " If I go hence, I must incur his Anger,
 " And seem to shock my Duty, if I stay ;
 " Not only may my Person, that's the least,
 " But even the Kingdom, and Religion suffer.
 " — That — That at last must Conquer :
 " But O ! with what Regret and Pain I take,
 " The Resolution I'm compelled to make !
 " Were both my Fathers Life, and mine i'th' scale
 " Which I wou'd save, I with more ease shou'd know
 " Duty wou'd over Nature soon prevail,
 " I'd all my Wishes in his Ballance throw.

" But

" But now 'tis more — O ! that I coul'd divide
 " His person from his hated cause and side :
 " Tho' this I can't, nor therefore with him stay ,
 " Betwixt 'em both, my Prayers shall find the way.
 — She stopt, resolv'd, and went, the last, last Moment
 We had to use, — we pass'd the Guards, and reach'd
 Our own at the next turning, who attended
 First to a place of rest, and safe Concealment,
 Thence to the Northern Lords, and thence to you.
 For here you in this Hour almost will see them.
Captain. How bright a Court our moving Camp will be,
 If all thats brave, for Succour thither flee.
 Should it be long, e're we to th' City go,
 This would be *London*, that the Country grow.
 I'll to the Prince's Tent, and that prepare
 To entertain so *Great* a Stranger there. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

A C T. V. S C E N E. V.

[*The Road, and the Army flying, Hats, Cloaks, &c. as before.*]

Enter two English Captains.

1. *Capt.* **A** H Captain—are we used to such a March ?
 What can an Army even of Lyons do,
 With such a Hart their trembling timorous Leader ?
 I'd give my Sword, tho' rather much I'd leave
 A shameful Life that heavy hangs upon me,
 Had we bin never here, or ne're return'd.

2. *Capt.* I am not used to fear—we've bin together
 In twenty tedious Leaguers, and as many
Flanders Campaigns, in Breaches and in Mines
 Blown up and tost like Tennis-Balls—yet Capt.
 Did you e're see em fail or flinch before ?

1. What need that Word—have you forgot *Mastrihet*
 Or the Relief of *Mons*, or lost *Tangier* ?
 Have I not seen you on the *Affrick* Sands ;

H 2

Tho'

Tho' parch'd 'ith' Sun, then glutted drunk with Blood,
 With a whole Grove of Pikes against your Breast,
 A Thousand Scimiters rais'd o're your Head,
 Dart thro' 'em all like Lightning, and destroy
 Like Thunder all around you—remember you the Trench :
 And the Pole for't—O t'was a Noble Action,
 There where the brave *Trelawny* laid his Bones,
 You saw him fall, but with what manly Anger,
 Turn'd on the Villain, who had pierc'd him thro',
 And cleft him to the Twist with that broad Blade,
 —We're now alone, and may talk thus.

2. — But O! it blushes

Even the pale Steel now blushes, more than when
 T'was coverd with the *Moors* false reeking Blood,
 To see its Master meerly run away,
 And leave it rusting in the drousy Scabbard.
 But what's yet worse—by my once valu'd Honour,
 Nay, which even still I value more than Life,
 I feel I know not what chill blast run thro' me,
 It freezes all my Blood, and Cramps my Nerves,
 I cannot, dare not fight—a breath affrights me,
 And makes me tremble, tho' when I look back
 Rage seizes me, and even draw Tears of shame
 From these once livelier Eyes.

2. — The self same Observation I have made,
 The Cause—the curst Cause, that, that's the thing.
 Why shou'd we fight for one that cannot, dares not
 To him be faithful, who's not so to himself :
 For Honour lose our Conscience and Religion,
 And lose our Lives to make our Children Slaves,
 We're left to shift—let's go where Faith, Truth, Reason,
 And Gratitude command—to that brave Prince,
 Who knows and loves a Soldier, and is one,
 —You saw him fight at *Mons!*

1. — Saw him—I did not—

He flew so fast, and cary'd out Dearth so hastily,
 Like Lightning, none could see the Wounds he gave.

I've

I've but one Argument that keeps me from
What you propose — Is it not base to do it ?

2. — Nothing but *Ill* is *Base*. We first are left,
No King, no Army, Leader, or Defender ;
Say, would it not be baser here to stand,
Like two old *Roman* Fools, and kill our selves,
To save a Raskal's pains ? and one or t'other
Must now be chose, for I can find no Medium.

1. — You 've Reason — but methinks ther's something sticks
I know not what behind.

2. — Nothing but Custom.
And Honours shadow not the real thing,
All whose pretences are already answered.

1. — I know not what to say — methinks the very motion
Revives me, and I'm English-man agen.
'Tis not — I think, the Prince, nor all his Army,
Which made me fear, 'tis not, I'm sure their Numbers
That gives me Courage — but my mind is lighter
When ever I resolve on falling to him,
And wer't not like Enthusiastick Whimsies
I sure shou'd fancy something in't Divine :

2. — It is, it must be so, for 'tis all Reason,
And that's the very Character of Heaven.

1. — Then let's away, we quickly shall be there,
For his Head-quarters are not far behind us. (*Exeunt ambo.*)

S C E N E. VI.

Redding. *A Party of the Princes Army.*

Command. **M**Arch close and softly — we are just upon 'em,
Here's a strong Town, well-man'd by th' Enemy
The choicest Troops o'th' *Irisb* Horse are in it ;
Here sure, if ever we shall have a little Sport.

Officer. Sir we're discovered, the Cent'ry on yo'n Tower
Has Fired his Peece.

Commander. The better still — in quickly,

I see indeed they'r ready for us — that Church-yard
They've lin'd with some Dragoons will gaul our passage,
If not Dislodg'd —— Serjeant, take a File,
Dismount and Charge 'em ! weel to th' Market-place,
Where they 'tis likely will reserve their Strength.

[*The Serjeant Advances over the steps into the Church-yard
with his party, Fires once, and all the Enemy throw down
their Arms, and run away !*]

Serjeant. There's the first of ye —— these nimble Irish are
such excellent Footmen, there's no fighting 'em ; but when they've
a mind to't — seize their Arms ! and on to our main Body !

[*They March on to the Market-place — which is discover'd,
and therein the Irish Horse drawn up in good Order, each
with a Paper in his Hat to distinguish 'em—the Princes
Troops Facing 'em.*]

Commander. Fall on ! Or they'll run away before you can do it.

[*The Princes Forces Fire once, and the Irish run away.*]

Officer. So much for three Kingdoms ! This is the first I suppose
and last Battle will be fought for 'em.

Commander. O that the Bridges were but cut before 'em,
They must fight then tho' in their own Defence ;
For tho' they're used to treading Bogs at home,
The water is too thin an Element
To run away upon.

Officer. Fight —— no they'd be drown'd first,
'Tis a fine easie, lazy, Irish Death,
Somewhat a kin to hanging — for in both they're strangled.

Commander. The truth on't is, their hardly worth our Swords:
Yet to secure the Town, go take a party

And follow 'em —— scour all the Road to Twyford,
And see what face they bear ! (*Offic.*) It shall be done !

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

[*The Road near Newbury, the Prince's Head-quarters.*]

Enter an old *Cavaleer*, and a *Parliament-Officer*.

Cavaleer. Friend *Testimony*!

Parl. Neighbour Hot-head — Who thought to've seen you at this end o'th' World? What, for the Prince's Army! 'tis impossible!

Cavaler. 'Tis certain — No — I've now done of fighting with my Friends; when I do it next, it shall be with my Enemies — Were not you and I a pair of wise ones, as well as thousands more, to knock out one anothers little Brains, to make Knaves laugh at us, and wise-men pitty us.

Parl. I joy to hear thy Voice — Now then agreed for ever.

Cav. A Curse on him who e're attempts to part us.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

S C E N E VIII.

St. JAMES's.

Enter *Nuntio*, *Father Peters*.

Peters. The Wind cou'd hardly reach 'em,
They flew as if some hot-mouth'd Fiend had been
Their Bearer or their Driver, and e're this
Have reach'd the Rebels Camp, yet stand but fast
The Army, all will quickly be retriev'd,
And she be render'd by her flight obnoxious.

Nuntio. 'Tis long since thence we heard. [*Peters.*] Our graci-
Zealous and Valiant for the Churches Cause, (ous Master,
And kind to vs, is willing to surprize us
With mighty Joy, when all at once he sends
How he the Enemy met, and fought, and conquer'd;
I burst with Expectation 'till I hear it. [*Post-horn blows.*]

—— And

— And here it comes — [Enter Post, and gives a *Pacquet*.

[*Peters while opening it.*]

Heard you no News upon the Road ? [*Post.*] Not any,
Only at a distance, noises in the Night,
And Guns and Groans encreasing still behind me.

Nuntio. Whence had you this ? [*Post.*] Brought me by an Ex-
He told me from the King, and strait return'd. (*press,*

What's this ? " All's lost — the Army broke, the King [*Pet. reads.*

" Retreated in Confusion : *Orange* hastens

" Towards the City — all the Countrey joyn him,

" North, East and South — fly Father, fly ! we're ruin'd.

— That's all — [*Nuntio.*] What's to be done on this occasion ?

Pet. The Case is plain — Nothing but burn the City,
And run away byth' light on't.

Nuntio. The first wou'd do, but who'l secure the second ?
Wou'd it do well for us like Hereticks

To burn for Company ? No, rather let us

Try one Card more — The *Englisb* have a fondness

For him who is their King, tho' *Lucifer*

Himself were he — The Prince's Declaration

Pretends he only aims at a Free-Parliament,

Which may redress what's ill — let that be call'd,

To that let Promises and Vows be made ;

Nay, whate're Cobweb-Laws they can desire,

Kings will break through 'em when they stronger grow.

This may divert the Storm, and stop our ruine.

Peters. And the first Head they insist on will be like

The Prince's Declaration — mine and yours.

No — that's too late — Majesty would be manacled,

And our good Cause quite ruin'd without hope

Of Resurrection — Nay, perhaps the Hereticks

Might live in quiet — No, lets rather act

All like our selves, contrive to embroyl the Nation,

And if we needs must part with't, leave at least

A bloody Legacy of War and Mischief,

Ruine and Death, Destruction, Desolation,

And long long Trains of Misery behind us.

Pet.

7
Perswades the Bigot King, so much our Votary
With us to quit his Realms, struggling for Life,
Leave 'em but Headless, and the different Int'rests
Will soon destroy each other: Those whose Principles
Are for a Common-wealth, will strive to erect one:
Which those who are for Monarchy will cross.
If one prevail, Confusion soon will seize 'em,
And th' others quickly call us back agen;
If th' other, either they 'll propose a Regency,
A weak, unsettled, tottering, dangerous State,
Or else make *Orange* King — which last will leave us
Sufficient Game to play — we 'll set all Parties
Whom now their common Injuries have joyn'd,
Upon a new Ferment — exclaim against
The Government, as Traiterous and illegal;
Some Conscience will make Friends unto our cause,
With them shall herd all others, whom disgrace
At Court, or disappointment in preferment
Have sow'd and leven'd — *Ireland's* sure beside,
And *France* is ours — Taxes must be rais'd:
You know the Peoples Genius — they 'll still grumble,
Especially when Trade runs low, and they
Increase upon em — This we're certain of,
Besides a thousand accidents unknown
We may make use of.

Nuntio. Once you are i'th' right,
Dispatch your Letters quickly to the King,
And charge him upon pain of sure Damnation
To follow these Directions.

Petres. Sir, 'Tis done. —
For fear of what should happen, 'twas resolv'd
On this before — he leaves this wretched Kingdom
As soon as here he arrives, tho' with firm hopes
Of quick return.

[While they are discoursing, the Mob assaults the House,
with Stones, Brick-bats, &c. attempting to break in.]

Nuntio. Ha! — here's the Rabble, we are lost and murther'd.

I

Mob.

Mob without. Down with the Doors, uncover the Tiles, in at the Windows, we shall catch all the old Rogues like Hares in their Forms, hatching of Mischief!

Peters. Here—quickly—this way—this I always fear'd,
And had a private Passage into a House
Of one who is our Friend—thence into th' River,
A Ship lies ready, and to *France* immediately.

Nuntio. We have no time—away—(*Pet.*) Yet one kind
Curse or two before we part, thò the House drop o're me.

May keener Plagues than I can wish befall

This cursed Land, burn, sink, and damn them all.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Mob.

Follow, follow, follow——this way the Rogues went,
limb 'em, tear 'em, pull down their Houses, fire their Timber,
and broil 'em upon their own Gridirons.

Enter two Protestant Lords.

Philang. This savage rudeness is not like a Protestant
Nor *English man*——nor does it please the Prince,
Who call'd by th' Votes of all that's great in *England*,
Comes here to take the Government upon him,
And will secure in Properties and Rights
Who e're lives peaceably——therefore retire
If you'd be pardon'd what's already done. (*They go off.*)

Miso. A Parliament, the *English-man's* Delight,
Will soon be summon'd, and set all things right,
Tho' we may struggle hard, what e're it cost
Tis cheap, far better half than all be lost.
Great was the Turn, the Revolution strange,
Nor can we pay too dear for such a **HAPPY CHANGE.**

FINIS.

PROLOGUE.

To the PLAYERS.

IF e're this Play shou'd have the Grace
To be beheld by your sweet Face,
Take heed how you are to it civil,
For, Sirs! believe me! 'tis the Devil.
A Williamitish Piece all thro',
With which you nothing have to do.
Sebastian better does the trick,
With Bobs and Innuendo's thick,
Which Abdicated Laureat brings
In praise of Abdicated Kings.
Before you read, your Judgment give,
And Damn it e're it comes to live.

EPILOGUE.

To be spoken by Madam Celiers.

OF all the rest the Poet me forgot,
And dropt me in the thickning of his Plot:
Tho' I thro' all the Nation fam'd abroad,
Notorious Politician, Midwife, Baud:
And what tho' tough it be, half-breaks my Heart,
Committs me to the Mob without a Cart.
I'll sit him for't, and tho' each Judge be gone,
Whom formerly I still rely'd upon,
And the bless'd Reigns of Scroggs and Jefferys done. }

To

To you my Cause intirely I submit,
Kind Judges of the Gallery and Pit,
Not you who with this Change contented sit:
But you who the same Cause with me espouse,
You generous Friends; a sinking Baydy-House,
Pity it when oppress'd with Dirt and Stones,
And kindly sympathize with all our Groans.

And first, you gentle she's, who in the dark
Glide like a Flambeau, twinkling thro' the Park;
Whose Inclinations to your selves are strange,
For y^eu before were ne're displeas'd with Change.
Allegiance to the Government refuse!
O keep your Consciences, what e're you lose!
So may your Irish Hero's soon return,
And in repeated Flames contented burn;
So Father Confessor compassion take,
And heal those wounds which he himself did make.

Next for you gracious Bully's, who delight
To juggle, damn, do any thing but fight;
Whose stubborn Honour will not rest content,
Unless each night you Curse the Government:
Go on! succeed! Our Cause shall not despair,
While you whose Reputations stand so fair
Remain its Patrons ——— Other work refuse,
Turn all your knack of Lying to ill-News;
So may your just deserts obtain their due,
And one Turn more be yet reserv'd for you.